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177—NEW MEXICO
The Sunshine State

GENUINE CURTEICH-CHICAGO "C.T. ART-COLORTONE" POST CARD (REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

POST CARD

PLACE
STAMP
HERE



New Mexico

There's a state that we love in the far
golden West

In the land of the piñon and pine;
Where Nature in robes of bright
sunshine is dressed,
And the hills clothed with verdure
divine.

There lithe willows grow and clear
waters flow

Through an Eden of beauty untold;
Where Nature her rich panorama
has spread

And calls to us, "Come, and behold!"

There are landscapes alluring that gladden the sight
And canyons that thrill as they yawn;

There are shadows, and tints of the rainbow's soft hues
In the glories of sunset and dawn.

There are fair fields of yucca, the lamps of the Lord,
That raise their white plumes toward the sky;

And the wild mountain eagle, her eyrie that builds
On the rocks where the cliff rises high.

There are caverns whose depth by Titans was wrought
On the morn of Creation's first dawn;

There are dwellings of people of primitive race
Who for ages from earth have been gone.

Here are walls of El Morro that tower to Heaven
And are haunted at night by a wraith;

And the Shiprock that stands in the Navajo lands,
Ancient ark of the Indian's faith.

Dear colorful country of love and romance
Thy beauty and praises we sing;

The past and the present so richly combine
Such wealth of enchantment to bring;

Thy daughters and sons evermore will rejoice
In the state that has given them birth;

For New Mexico is and forever will be
The most colorful place on the earth!

—Anna B. Stevenson.

